

Trick Daddy "Tuck Ya Ice"

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"Tuck Ya Ice"

(feat. Birdman)

[Chorus]

Tuck, tuck that
Tuck, tuck that
Tuck, tuck that
Tuck, tuck that
Tuck, tuck that, ice in
You aint, you aint, iced out
Tuck, tuck that ice in
I shine like a lighthouse

Tuck, tuck that ice in
You ain't, you ain't iced
Lights on, lights off
I shine like a lighthouse

Tuck, tuck that, ice in
You aint, you aint, iced out
Tuck, tuck that ice in
I shine like a lighthouse
Tuck, tuck that ice in
You ain't, you ain't iced
Lights on, lights off
I shine like a lighthouse

[Trick Daddy]

My shit is platinum
These assholes wearin' white gold
See I'm to smart for this cause
All my shit paid for
And why should I rent a house
When I can huy it and write it off
Make it my Florida home for the summer
Round winter time just rent it out
See I ain't none of them
Who ride around on rented rims
Change on the weekend
And floss in him mama's Benz
See when I hit the scene
I be so fresh so clean

White fitted, white tee
Ain't nan nigga like me
What kind of shit you on
Wearin' fuckin' rhinestones
Them cubic zirconia son
Them ain't fuckin' diamonds
So you gonna fuck around
And get gangrene at the arm
Who'd rob and kill one
Over some mother-fuckin' slum
Your chain is crazy
That shit for gazey
And it ain't real
Unless its copper or stainless steel
So whoever made it..
You shouldn't have paid it
Twenty grand for a watch
Thats fuckin' gold plated!

[Chorus]

[Birdman]

16 out the house
17 gold mouth
18 on the block
Nigga got them thangs out
Birdman stunna, nigga we don't sit in jail
Real nigga's do real thangs
You know we make bail
Trick hit me on the cell
Know I gotta make a sale
Found myself in Dane County
Nigga's movin' pounds of bail
So fresh,so bright with the ice
Nigga you could loose your life playing with the bright
lights! Yea
Cali got my back
I'm strapped nigga and prephase
Doin' it big, poppin' bottles, nigga the g-way
Black handles, black ice, we'll get it right
For a cheap price nigga that cutter'll get your mind
right
M.O.B. to a bitch
Made my hood rich
Quick cash, young money, it's that uptown shit
Ballin'one them bitches
Shock callin' on them bitches
Two million on some ice and some cars on them
bitches

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

They asked the kid the difference between mine and
his
See my shit blindin'
His shit don't shine
Cause that shit ain't real
His gemstones, they fruity pebbles
Just like Flinstones
And he had his "Roley" on
But I ain't even notice his arm
But his diamonds cloudy
And he ain't shiny
And I heard his shit "Tick Tick Tickin'"
Oh man, this nigga* trippin!
See we poppin' bottles and smokin' bugga
Actin' cocky
Big thangs with fat pockets
Wearing seventy-thousand dollar watches
My overseas friends
Are breakin' thangs in
Invest in a smaller hit town
Shakin', bakin' and breakin' it down
We gettin' top dollar
Cause we got that top powder
Hoes slob on our johnson
Cause johnson got that best powder
We call a grand a dollar
We gettin' money holla
Rollin' hard with five fives
Real fucking street ballers
I did five trucks since the first quarter
I'm on the right path at this rate
I'll be sellin' slabs by the halves

[Chorus]

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